The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. VIII. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1875. NO. 40.

Middletown Directory.

CORPORATION OFFICERS.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS.—E. W. Lockwood, President; J. R. Hall, Secretary; L. P. McDowell, J. H. Walker, L. G. Vandegrift.
ASSESSOR.—C. E. Anderson.
TREASURER.—Joseph Hanson.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—DeW. C. Walker.
CONSTABLE AND POLICEMAN.—Vacant.
LAMPLIGHTER.—F. C. Schreitz.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

John A. Reynolds.

TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.

Hon John R. Cochran, Pres.; Henry Davis, Treas.; Samuel Penington, Secretary; James Kanely, B. Gibbs, R. T. Cochran, N. Williams.
PRINCIPAL OF ACADEMY.—T. S. Stevens.

OFFICERS OF CITIZENS' NAT'L BANK.

DIRECTORS.—Henry Clayton, B. Gibbs, B. T. Biggs, John A. Reynolds, James Culbertson, E. C. Fenimore, M. E. Walker, J. B. Cazier, Joseph Biggs.
PRESIDENT.—Henry Clayton,
CASHIER.—J. R. Hall.
TELLER.—John S. Crouch.

DIRECTORS OF TOWN HALL CO.

J. M. Cox, Pres.; Samuel Penington, Sec.; J. R. Hall, Treas.; R. A. Cochran, Jas. Culbertson, Jas. H. Scowdrick, Wm. H. Barr.

CHURCHES.

FOREST PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. John Patton, D. D., Pastor. Divine service every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Lecture on Wednesdays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School in the Chapel at Armstrong's every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.

ST. ANNE'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Wm. C. Butler, Rector. Service on Sundays at 10.00 a. m. and 5.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9.00 a. m. Lecture on Fridays at 5 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Rev. L. C. Matlack, D. D., Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursdays at 7.30 p. m.

COLORED METHODIST.—Rev. N. Morris—Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 10.30 a. m.; 3 and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1 p. m.

MASONIC.

ADONIRAM CHAPTER No. 5, R. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall on the second and fourth Fridays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.
UNION LODGE No. 5, A. F. A. M. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m. Masonic Hall.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

DAMON LODGE, No. 12 Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge room in the Town Hall.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

PEACH BLOSSOM GRANGE, No. 3. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Grange Room in the Knights of Pythias Hall.

I. O. O. F.

GOOD SAMARITAN LODGE, No 9. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room in Cochran Hall, No. 2, Cochran Square.

BUILDING AND LOAN.

MIDDLETOWN B. & L. ASSOCIATION.—Samuel Penington, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Secretary. Meets on the first Thursday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.
MUTUAL LOAN ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLETOWN.—Jas. H. Scowdrick, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Secretary. Meets on the third Tuesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.

MIDDLETOWN LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

E W. Lockwood, Pres.; J. T. Budd, Sec'y; Rooms in TRANSCRIPT Building. Reading-Rooms open every day until 10 o'clock, p. m. Library open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 3 o'clock to 5 p m.

AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PENIN. AGRICULTURAL AND POMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Wm. R. Cochran, President; J. T. Budd, Secretary; Wm. R. Cochran, Chairman of Board of Managers. Annual Meeting third Saturday in January. Fair of 1875, October 6, 7 and 8.

DIAMOND STATE BRASS BAND.

Meets for practice every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

POST OFFICE.

OFFICE HOURS.—Opens at 6.30 a m and closes at 9 p m every day except Sunday
Mails for the North close at 6.45 a m, and 3.00 p m.
Mail for the South closes at 10 a m.
Mails for Odessa close at 10.15 a m and 7.30 p m.
Mails for Warwick, Sassafras and Cecilton close at 10.15 a m.

DELAWARE RAILROAD.

Passenger trains going North leave at 7.04 a m and 3.14 p m.; going South at 10.33 a m and 7.55 p m. Freight trains with passenger car attached, going North, leave at 7.45 p m; going South, at 6.28 a m.

STAGE LINES.

Stage for Odessa, with U. S. Mail, leaves shortly after arrival of the 10.23 a m and 7.55 p m mail trains.
Stages for Warwick, Sassafras and Cecilton leave shortly after arrival of the 10.23 a m train.

FURNITURE.

UNDERTAKING.

UPHOLSTERING.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of handsome and durable

Walnut and Other Furniture,

which he will sell very cheap for cash. Buying at wholesale cash rates he feels assured that he can sell as low as the same goods can be bought elsewhere. By buying of him purchasers will be saved the freight on their goods from the city.
He is also prepared to attend to

Undertaking Work

at short notice, and in a manner excelled by none. Persons wishing Metallic or Wooden Caskets or Cases will find it to their advantage to call on him. He has, also,

TAYLOR & SON'S

Celebrated Corpse Preserver,

The Corpse may be dressed in the finest fabrics and not be soiled, (and can be seen at all times) as nothing but dry cold air enters the Casket.

GEORGE W. WILSON,
Practical Cabinet Maker and Undertaker,
Febt-12m Middletown Del.

FOR SALE.

150 Cords of Oak and Maple WOOD, either in the woods or delivered in quantities to suit purchasers. Apply to
JOHN A REYNOLDS,
Dec. 12-tf. Middletown, Del.

Select Poetry.

From the Democratic Advocate.

TO A LITTLE RED BIRD.

I saw the through thee falling snow,
Thou crimson bird on darting wing;
Say, didst thou not the storm forego
That I might hear thee gaily sing?

Couldst thou have spied my lily cup,
Through the fast falling of the snow,
And didst thou wish with me to sup,
Here where my lovely lilies grow?

Or didst thou see the sheaf so tall,
That on the gleaner's shoulder lay,
With her sweet smile upon the wall,
Her robe of crimson bright and gay?

Ah, thou hast come to cheer my heart,
As the lily this wintry hour;
When from my eyes sleep doth depart,
From midnight e'en 'till evening hour.

Thy little mission is not o'er,
For there are other hearts to cheer;
Nor in thy dartings upward soar,
But to the sick room come thou near.

Then from thy lay thy magic strain,
Lift thou the tear-mist from sad eyes;
And heed thou not the storm-king's reign,
Bright little bird of wintry skies.

Near Finksburg, Feb. 24, 1875.

Select Story.

LOST AND FOUND.

I was a young physician, not over burdened with practice, when I sat half dozing in my office one stifling August afternoon, and was roused by a bustle in the street, and a cry:

Here's a doctor! Ring the bell!

By the time the ring was answered, I was wide awake, and had "my professional expression" on. Two men came in, and one held in his arms a limp, senseless figure, a boy about three years old, covered with the blood flowing from a gash in his head. I took the little fellow in my arms and carried him to the sofa, while the men brought me water, and seemed deeply interested in all my movements.

A broken arm and a deep cut on the head kept me busy some time, but at last my little patient was made as comfortable as possible, and was moaning with recovering consciousness.

Have you far to carry him? I asked one of the men.

We don't own him, was the answer He (was) a running across the street, and a horse kicked him over. Jim, here, indicating his companion, he picked him up, and I came along to help find a doctor, 'cause Jim can't read.

Needn't shoved that in! growled Jim, turning red. Poor little chap, how he groans!

I will give him something to quiet him presently, I said, and will send word to the station-house if his name is not on his clothes.

The men departed, and I lifted my charge once more and went up stairs, to my mother's room, over the office.

It did not take many minutes to enlist her sympathies, and we undressed the child and put him in her wide bed, hoping to find some mark upon his clothing. There was none, and when I saw this I spoke frankly:

Mother, there is just one chance for the little fellow's life, and that is, perfect quiet. He will have a fever, probably be delirious, and to carry him to a hospital, or even to his own home, may be fatal. I will send word to the station-house, and then——

You know I will nurse him, John, my mother said. If his mother comes, she must do as she thinks best; but, until she does come, leave him with me.

I wrote a description of the child's long brown curls and brown eyes, of the delicate suit of white linen, in which he was dressed, and sent it to the station house. No call being made in three days, I advertised him for a week, and still he was not claimed. It was very strange, for the child's pure, delicate skin and dainty clothing, seemed to mark him as the child of wealth.

But while he lay unknown, my little patient was struggling hard for life, against fever and injuries. He was delirious for many days, calling pitifully for Mamma! pretty mamma! begging her not to go away, and making our hearts ache by often crying, Oh, Aunt Lucy, don't beat Freddie! Freddie will be good; Grandma, grandma! don't, don't! in cries of extreme terror.

Mother would get so excited with indignation over those cries, that I saw the child had won a fond place in her warm heart.

He has been ill-treated, John, the pretty darling! she would say. I hope the cruel people who could hurt such a baby will never find him again.

She would rock him in her own motherly arms, would spend sleepless nights watching beside him, petting and fondling him till he seemed even in his delirium to know her love, and would nestle up to her for protection against the phantoms of his own fevered imaginations.

The second week of his stay with us was closing, and Freddie had regained his reason and was on the road to recovery, when one morning a carriage dashed up to my door, and two ladies alighted.

They wore rustling silks of the latest fashion, and were evidently mother and daughter. The younger lady was very beautiful, a perfect blonde, and dressed in exquisite taste.

Doctor Morrill? inquired the elder lady.

I bowed.

We called in answer to an advertisement regarding a child, my grandson. You will probably think it strange we have not been here before, but we were obliged to leave the city the day before he was lost, and have just returned. The nurse who had him in charge ran away, and, while we supposed him safe at home, he has been lying in a hospital, perhaps dying.

We were nearly distracted on our return, said the young lady, when we missed our darling, but an inquiry at the station-house, sent us here. The officer also showed us your advertisement. Where is our darling child?

He is here, I answered, under my mother's care, and I am happy to say, doing well.

An unmistakable look of disappointment crossed the faces of my visitors, but the elder one said:

Can we see him, doctor?

I asked permission to announce their coming to my mother, and left the ladies alone. When I returned, after some five minute's absence, I was struck by the change in their faces. The younger one was pale as ashes, and the older one had a set, hard look of determination, as if nerved by some sudden resolution.

I led the way to my mother's bedroom, where Freddie was in a profound slumber. The younger lady shrank back in the shadow of the bed-curtains, but the mother advanced and bent over the child.

There was a moment of profound silence, then in a hard voice the old lady said:

I am very sorry to have put you to so much trouble, Doctor Morrill. This is not the child we lost.

A heavy fall startled me, and I turned to see the young stranger senseless on the floor. Her mother spoke quickly.

The disappointment is too much for her. We so hoped to find our grandson.

I did not reply. The delirious ravings of the child were still ringing in my ears as he pleaded with the harsh grandmother and aunt. I did not believe the old lady's statement, but having no proof to the contrary, was forced to accept it.

Long after my visitors had departed, the beautiful blonde still trembling and white, mother and I talked of their strange conduct.

It is evident they wish to deny the child, I said.

I am glad of it, mother replied. We will keep him, John. He shall have a grandmother to love, and not one to fear.

So the Summer and early Autumn wore away, and Freddie was dear to me as if he had claim of kinship. His rare beauty, his precocious intellect, and his loving heart had completed the fascination commenced by our pity for his suffering, weakness and loneliness. He called us Grandma and Uncle John, and clung to us with affectionate caresses.

We tried in vain, from his childish prattle, to gain some clue to his parentage or relatives. He told us his papa had gone, far, far off, and mamma had gone to papa; so we concluded he was an orphan, and I often heard mother telling him of the beautiful Heaven, where his parents waited for their little boy.

Of his grandmother and aunt Lucy he spoke with shrinking fear, and seemed to have an equal dread of Susan, whom we judged to be the nurse. Susan was talking to a tall man, he told us, who boxed his ears and told him to go home, when, trying to escape, he run under the horse's hoofs and was hurt.

Being blest with wealth, mother and I had quite decided to formally adopt pretty Freddie when he had been a little longer unclaimed in our home. The convalescence of the child requiring fresh air without too much exercise, I made a habit of taking him with me in my daily drive to visit my patients.

Jerome, my coachman, was very fond of Freddie, and very careful, so I was not afraid to leave my little charge with him while I was indoors, and he was very happy chatting with the good-natured Irishman, and waiting my coming.

It was early in November, and mother had dressed Freddie for the first time in a jaunty suit of velvet, with a dainty velvet cap over his brown curls, when one morning I sent him out with Jerome until I was ready to start. Looking out, I saw him standing on the pavement, giving Nat my horse, a long carrot he had procured in the kitchen, while Jerome stood near, guarding the curly head from any mishap.

I was making my final preparation for departure, when I heard a scream under my window, and Jerome saying:

Be jabers! she's faiuted, the crather!

While Freddie cried:

Mamma! pretty mamma!

I ran out hastily, to see an odd tableau. Jerome was supporting in his strong arms a slender figure in deep mourning, half leaning on the tray-box, while Freddie clung to her skirts, sobbing—Mamma! mamma!

A few passers-by stood near, making various suggestions, and Nat looked gravely over Jerome's shoulders, as if he could say a great deal if he had the inclination.

Bring her in, Jerome, I said.

I'll do that same, sur, was the reply, as Jerome lifted the little figure like a feather-weight, and, crossing the pavement, came into the office. I shut out the curious people who followed, and Freddie clung fast to the black dress, never ceasing his loud cries of—

Oh, mamma! It is my mamma come home to Freddie! Mamma! pretty mamma!

The sound rang through the house, reaching my mother's ears, as she sat in her room, and entered the office just as Jerome deposited his burden in an arm chair. Comprehending the situation at a glance, mother tenderly removed the crape veil and bonnet, loosening a shower of brown curls round a marble-white face still insensible.

You see, sur, said Jerome, Masther Freddie had just given the horse the last of the carrot, and was running up and down, when the poor crather threw up her veil, gave one screech, and would ha' fallen on the ground if the tray-box and I hadn't a-cotched her atwcen us. Do you think, sur, it's his mother?

At that moment the stranger opened a pair of large eyes, as brown and soft as Freddie's own, and murmured, in a faint voice—

Freddie! Did I see my boy?

Then her eyes fell upon the child, and in a moment she was on her knees before him clasping him to her heart, kissing him, sobbing over him, till mother broke out crying too, and I was obliged to assume my "professional expression" by sheer force of will.

Come, come, I said gently, Freddie has been very ill, and cannot bear so much excitement.

This quieted the mother in an instant, and she rose, still holding the child's hand in her own.

It is my boy! she said, looking into my face.

Freddie, I asked, is this mamma?

Yes, said the little fellow, decidedly; course it is! My own pretty mamma, come from Heaven.

She reeled back at the innocent words, and would have fallen had I not caught her, and put her once more in the arm-chair.

Come from Heaven! she repeated, with ashy lips and gasping breath They told me he was dead, my boy Freddie—that he was run over and killed. The nurse saw him fall under the horse's feet.

But you see he was not killed, mother said, in a gentle tone, but is well and strong again.

And then, motioning for me to keep silent, mother told the widow of the child's injuries and recovery, of the winning ways, and our love for him.

And you kept him and nursed him she said, kissing mother's hands. Oh, what can I ever do for you to prove my gratitude? Freddie, my boy, how you must love the kind lady?

Yes, assented Freddie; that's grandma, and here's Uncle John! and I was dragged forward.

I cannot understand it all! the mother said. Did no one know he was here—my mother-in-law? Will you let me tell you, she added, looking at mother and myself, how my boy was lost?

If you will drink this first, I said, giving her a quieting drink.

She obeyed at once, and taking off Freddie's cap, lifted him to her lap while she told her story. When we saw the two fair faces so close together, any lingering doubt we might have had of the stranger's claim vanished at once. Even in parent and child the resemblance between the woman and her boy was wonderful. The same brown hair and eyes, the same child-like expression, marked both countenances. Even to the pallid, wasted look of recent suffering the resemblance was perfect.

I must tell you first who I am, our visitor said. I am the widow of Carroll West, who died with fever in New Orleans, only two weeks ago. He was taken ill in July, and I was telegraphed to come to him. We had parted, she added, turning to mother, because his business called him to New Orleans, and he was afraid to have Freddie and I go there in summer. But when I heard he was ill, I went to him by the next steamer, leaving my boy with my husband's mother and sister. I knew they were not very fond of him, but I had no choice. I dared not take him to New Orleans in July, and I had nowhere else to leave him. I found my husband very ill, but he was recovering, when he had a relapse He rallied from that, and took cold, overfatigued himself, bringing on a second relapse that proved fatal. During all his illness I heard only twice of Freddie; once that he had been killed in the street. I came home only two days ago, and they would tell me nothing of where my boy was buried—nothing but the bare fact of his death. I—I—oh, do not blame me! I was on my way to the river to end it all, when I met Freddie!

Mother looked at me, and whispered: The grandmother who beat Freddie has driven her mad. Let her stay with me, while you try to find out something about her.

But I have no right to force myself into her private affairs, I said.

She is Freddie's mother! That gives you a right.

It would be tedious to tell in detail all the long conversation that followed, but, authorized by Mrs. West, I called upon her husband's lawyer, and there heard her story.

I think, the lawyer said, confidently, that the Wests are the proudest people I ever knew. Proud of their family, their money and their beauty. Carroll West was the only son, Lucy the only daughter, when the old man died. He left a considerable fortune, but Carroll has increased his share of it to immense wealth, his mother was very desirous of having him make a great match, and proportionately furious when he married a little dark-eyed seamstress, of no family in particular, and sewing for a living.

I thought of the exquisite face, the low, tender voice of Freddie's mamma, and mentally applauded Carroll's choice

Carroll, continued the lawyer, had sufficient good sense to keep up his own establishment until he went into a heavy cotton speculation that called him to New Orleans in the heat of summer. Then he left his wife and child under his mother's care, and before he went made his will. Now, doctor, said the lawyer, speaking very slowly, and with marked emphasis, that will leaves half his fortune to his wife, half to his child, but in case of the death of the child, the half that is his goes to Mrs. West and her daughter Lucy. If the mother dies, all goes to the child, to revert again to the Wests if he dies without direct heirs. Do you see?

I did see! I saw again the hard determined face leaning over the sleeping child, denying him; the weaker woman sanctioning the deceit, but falling senseless in the room. I understood now the disappointment that had greeted the tidings that the child was neither dead nor dying, but recovering. It was all clear now, but I shuddered as I recalled the mother's face when she confessed that she had contemplated suicide rather than bear her widowed, childless lot.

We could never tell whether the unnatural grandmother and aunt would have risked a legal investigation. The recognition between mother and child was complete, and the clothing we had carefully preserved was fully identified. Mrs. West did not return to her mother-in-law. For some weeks she was my mother's guest, and my patient, being prostrated with low, nervous fever, and then she rented the house next to our own, her own claim and Freddie's to Carroll West's property being undisputed.

We were warm friends for two years, and Mrs. West, senior, with the beautiful blonde, were occasional visitors at the widow's house, but when the violet and white took the place of crape and bombazine, I ventured to ask Adelaide West if a second love could comfort her for the one she had lost, and my mother became Freddie's grandmother in truth, when his "pretty mamma" became my wife.

Mrs. West is dead, and Lucy married to a titled Italian, who admired the blonde beauty, but unlike many of his compatriots, finds the lovely lady fully able to take care of her own interests, and guard her money against his too profuse expenditures.

Other children call me papa, and Adelaide mamma, but I do not think I give any of them a warmer or truer love than I feel for brown-eyed Freddie, who was lost and found.

LIMIT YOUR WANTS.—From the nature of things, the income of most of the inhabitants of the earth must be limited and indeed within very narrow bounds. The product of labor throughout the world, if equally divided, would not make the share of each individual large. It is impossible that every one should be what is called rich. But it is by no means impossible to be independent. And what is the way to compass this "glorious privilege?" It consists in one rule: Limit your wants, Make them few and inexpensive. To do this would interfere but little with your real habits. You require more, or you are satisfied with less, just as you have accustomed yourself to the one or the other. Young men, think of this. After having made your money, spend it as you choose honestly; but be sure you make it first.

Autumn.

"Let those who love the spring-time
Rejoice in early flowers,
Let those who love the summer
Enjoy her curtained bowers,
Her roses and her woodbines,
Her songsters full of glee;
But the golden tints of Autumn
Have a matchless charm for me.

When gay old Indian Summer
Toys with the western sky,
And dresses up the sunset
With robes of gorgeous dye;
When the wailing winds are chanting
Their dirges to the flowers,
And serenade a welcome
To the lengthened evening hours;

When joyous nutting parties
Leave the dusty city's throng
And join the happy chorus
Of the Autumn woodbird's song,
And the grand old forests echo
With the merry laugh and glee,
With voices of the swelling streams,
The sobbing of the sea.

When our granaries and cellars
Are drafting for recruits,
And the call is promptly answered
With stores of grain and fruits;
When the hectic flush is painted
On the cheek of tree and vine,
And tells that dear Dame Nature
Is in a swift "decline;"

The mission of the spring-time
And the summer is complete,
And while the year is dying
He weaves his winding sheet;
And gently, very gently,
Is folded in his breast,
A pall of pearly whiteness,
Which robes him for his rest.

From Dr. Cuyler's article in the Independent.

The Sort of Revival that is Needed.

The revival we need is not only a revival of sounder scriptural preaching, but a revival of true Christian *living*. We have had quite a surfeit of the religion which luxuriates in the devout fervors of the prayer meeting and the camp ground, which sings sweet hymns and applauds sweet sermons, and then goes straight off to its money-grasping and its pleasure-seeking, and its panderings to self and sin. God forbid that we speak lightly of true spiritual emotion. But the Christianity which Christ demands is something deeper than a song or a sermon or a sacrament. It is the holy and the humble imitation of Himself. The revival, then, which we need is a revival of the religion which keeps God's commandments; which tells the truth and sticks to its promises; which pays twenty shillings to the pound; which cares more for a good character than a fine coat; which votes at the ballot-box in the same direction that it prays; which denies ungodly lusts, and which can be trusted in every stress of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes and chasten our press and purify our politics and cleanse our business and commerce from roguery and rottenness would be a boon from Heaven. A revival which will bring not only a Bible knowledge but a *Bible conscience* to all is what the the land is dying for. The world's sorest want to-day is more Christian-like men and women. The preaching it needs is—more *sermons in shoes*.

Motherless.

Three little golden heads at an upper window and a long line of carriages in the street below. Nurse holds baby up, who laughs and claps his little dimpled hands as his eye is caught by the nodding plumes on the hearse; and presently the procession moves down the street, and mother has gone away forever. The men from the undertaker's remove the traces of the funeral; the parlors are in their wonted order, except, perhaps, the curtains are not looped as gracefully, the furniture is not disposed as tastefully, and the little ornaments and bijouterie are not in their accustomed places. In mother's room there's a chill and a prim air about everything, so different from its usual look of cosy comfort. A bright June sunlight is gleaming through the half-opened blinds, but it does not seem to give warmth or cheer. The toys are brought out, but the children soon tire of them. There's something gone—they scarcely realize what. By and by baby begins to fret, and nurse gets cross. Poor little darling! mamma's pet! how tenderly she would have soothed him with soft lullabys. And then papa comes home and gathers the little flock around his knee, and tries to tell them something of the beautiful home to which mamma has gone; but they want her sadly here; they cannot think why the Good Father should want her so much.

In Norway, the longest day lasts three months. The man who six months ago promised to call in a day or two and settle his little bill must have gone to Norway on a visit.

A curious coincidence was that which happened to two brothers, commanders of ships sailing in opposite directions, who recently met and spoke each other in rough weather off Cape Horn.

In ancient times, the taste of an Athenian was judged by his manner of wearing his mantle.

Original Poetry.

For the Transcript.

"Adown the Golden Sky of Eve."

BY L. B.

Adown the golden sky of eve,
The glowing sun doth slowly move;
While by the gentle summer breeze,
Is born the cooing of the dove.
I hear its sweet notes soft and clear,
Its echo from yon thorny glen,
Reminds me of the by-gone year,
What we are now—what we were then.

You press'd me fondly to your heart,
And whispered words that charmed my soul;
Believing you we ne'er would part,
I in return my story told.
I trusted in your whole heart free,
And vowed to trust no other one,
And ah! you stole my love from me,
Then left me like the dove to mourn.

You with another one, I trow,
Pay plighted vows without a care,
And she will find, as I have now,
You can be false, as well as fair.
But go, what care I for you now,
Since you have proven false to me?
Fate ope thy gates, let joy e'er flow,
If *thou* canst ever happy be.

For the Transcript.

Mothers-in-law and the Millennium.

Mothers-in-law, from time immemorial, have suffered a rather questionable notoriety in the history of social affairs; but it seems that they are creeping from under the cloud, at least in this neighborhood. Whether this is one of the signs of the millennium, remains for the present an open question. Thackeray, in his "Memoirs of a Respectable Family," gives a tenable impression of a mother-in-law in the person of Mrs. Mackenzie; or the "Old Campaigner," as she is somewhat irreverently called, and who led poor Clive Newcome such dreadful routes. But here in our midst we have the unheard of spectacle of a mother-in-law and her son-in-law dwelling peacefully together, each appealing to the other in matters of importance, and speaking in the highest terms of one another, the latter even wearing the photograph of the former next to his heart in close proximity to that of his wife's. Escorting her to the Beach for her health, and to see that she was not taken advantage of by greedy landlords and greedier waiters. Going with her to the cruel dentist's hoping by sympathy to alleviate some of the tortures of that horrid institution—a dentist's chair.

We would advise all young men to look to Middletown for their mothers-in-law, for the old saying is, "There is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, and there may be whole "schools" of mothers-in-law here, if they are only fished for by the right kind of men, with the right kind of bait.

ENIELABOR.

Middletown, Del., Sept., 1875.

An Actor's Trick.

Olive Logan tells, in the *Baltimore American*, how Jim Collier, the actor, fooled Maggie Mitchell, who is his kinswoman, while spending a few days at her Long Branch cottage. It is a story of wicked and elaborate deceit. Snakes were thick in the yard, and Collier habitually went out in his slippers. The repeated warning cry of the anxious lady was, "Jim look out for snakes! Adders! The grass is full of them since the rains. Better come on the grass with those slippers on!" He basely repaid this solicitous attention, according to Olive, in this way: "Procuring one day at a toy shop on Broadway one of those paper-mache snakes, which make one shudder to look at them, he fastened it to his trousers leg by a string, whose action he could regulate at his waist. The family were seated on the piazza. Suddenly a howl rent the air. It emerged from Collier. The affrighted group looked toward him, and with horror beheld a snake writhing out of his trousers leg. 'Snake! Adder!' shouted he, jumping from the hammock and careering wildly over the lawn. 'I'm bit! Oh, take him off! Murder!' 'Bring me something! quick! Whiskey—arnica,' cried Maggie, wringing her hands. 'O! bring the whiskey—don't bring any arnica,' shouted Collier, rolling on the ground and making the snake perform gymnastics in the air. Mr. Paddock (Maggie's husband) having got a big stick, was about to rush to the rescue. 'Keep away!' roared the sufferer; 'it shall bite nobody but me—oh! oh!' Then seizing the reptile in both hands at its ends, he attacked it with his teeth in the middle, and apparently accomplished its destruction by madly 'chawing' it in two, to the indescribable horror of the family on the piazza."

If you call a man ungrateful, you can impute to him no more detestable act. One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid. The animal with long ears seldom leaves his trough without kicking it.

A San Francisco man has been sent to jail for 50 days, because he kissed a little girl against her will.

Varieties.

Disraeli says Americans established his literary reputation.

A London dog has won $25,000 worth of prizes at dog shows.

There are 5795 lock boxes for letters in the New York Post Office.

113,000 Chinamen have arrived in California during the past 18 years.

They stir up their cocktails with icicles at the White Mountains now.

Florida papers are fearful that the alligator crop may be short this fall.

The cod fishing season on the Labrador coast this year has proved a total failure.

When you get into hot water go to your friends and you will find them cool enough.

The Government receives an average income of $4000 from the sale of waste paper from the dead-letter office.

Sensible—Iowa proposes to revoke the bounty on wolves and offer it for dog scalps.

Titian's pencil dropped from his hand when stricken with the plague, at nearly 100 years old.

The Princess Colonna, recently married in Rome, has eight long necklaces of solitaire diamonds.

The best way to keep a man quiet is to educate him. The less a man knows, the less he thinks others know.

There are two things, says Mohammed, which I abhor—the learned in his infidelity, and the fool in his devotions.

Three Illinois women have just taken the contract to do all the mowing and potato-planting on a one hundred acre farm.

The President's March, the air for which the words of Hail Columbia were written, was composed by a Philadelphian in 1789.

The proper name of the gentleman to whom Prince Bismark's daughter has been betrothed is Wendt zu Eulenburg.

There is no dearth of charity in the world in giving, but there is comparatively little exercised in thinking and speaking.

There are forty-one American firms who are getting rich by making better "imported" liquors and wines than can be made in Europe.

A man in Leavenworth, Kansas, with four marriageable daughters, has "Furnish your own kerosene," inscribed upon his front door.

It is the belief of a resident of Pittsfield, Mass., that there are different heavens for men and women; and he has published his opinion.

A colored convict in Joliet, Iowa, has with his jack-knife alone constructed a bird cage containing 700 pieces of wood neatly joined together.

An eight-day clock and a mowing machine would be better emblems for Time than the hour glass and scythe, and more in keeping with the spirit of the age.

Some of the farmers in Delaware complain that they have tried in vain to make peach brandy this year, the saccharine material being absent from the fruit.

It was his first baby, and he acted just like a man who had been suspected of stealing his neighbor's tooth-brush, and was trying to avoid observation. *Brooklyn Argus.*

The San Francisco Chronicle says that California consumes 10,000,000 oranges per annum, or about eighteen for each man, woman and child in the State.

It is a singular fact that cold water, when introduced into politics, invariably becomes one of the fiercest issues that politicians or conventions can handle.

An American has started a lodge of Sons of Malta in Japan, and the old Japs just laugh themselves almost to death to see the candidates tossed in a blanket.

The compositor who substituted an "m" for a "w" in speaking of a lady troubled with "swelling of the feet," accomplished the worst typographical feat on record.

An Indiana infant coughed up a padlock the other day, and several demands have been made to his parents by people who have had overcoats, cowhooves and mules stolen lately.

It is said Joaquin Miller's manuscript is so confused that it has to be read with a key. Whiskey probably. You must be very drunk to see anything in it.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Chinese cook in a Columbus family made a rat pie for dinner, and the family ate every scrap of it before they knew what it was. Then they discharged him and called in a doctor.

"There!" exclaims the indignant Boston wife, as she fetches her husband a resonant whack on the head with a chair rocker, "I'll raise a Bunker Hill monument on you that you'll remember."

The Middletown Transcript

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

Edward Reynolds.

TERMS—$2.00 a year, payable in advance. No paper discontinued until so ordered, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements of less than one inch in space will be inserted at the rate of ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.—Rates for one inch and over, as follows:

Space.	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 inch,	$ 75	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00	$ 8 00
2 "	1 25	2 50	4 50	6 75	12 00
3 "	1 75	3 50	6 00	9 00	16 00
4 "	2 25	4 50	8 00	12 00	20 00
¼ col.	3 50	7 00	10 00	15 00	28 00
½ "	6 00	12 00	18 00	30 00	56 00
1 "	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00	100 00

Business Locals and Special Notices 10 cents a line for each insertion. Obituaries charged for at the rate of 5 cents per line of eight words. Marriages and deaths inserted free.

TERMS: Cash in advance, invariably.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 2, 1875.

Local and State Affairs.

Persons who are indebted to us, will confer a favor by calling and settling their accounts.

Items of Local Interest.

The Fair next week.

The weather this week has been splendid.

Peach season is nearly over, but there are a good many peaches in this neighborhood yet.

S. M. Reynolds wants to know who carried off, and forgot to report, 125 of his crates.

The Bridgeville Agricultural Association offers a premium of $100 to the best performing band at their fair.

Can't keep peach plucks in the Town Hall cells. They always manage to get out some way or other. How is it?

The Women's Temperance Association of Middletown will hold a meeting in the lecture room of the M. E. Church this afternoon.

E. B. Rice is making extensive preparations for the Fair next week. He will have a first-class restaurant and eating soloon on the ground.

The Bridgeville Agricultural Association will hold their first annual fair on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 19, 20 and 21.

A horse belonging to John Pedrick, of Newport, ran away in Wilmington one day last week and broke the carriage up and hurt himself.

Samuel Yearsley, of Port Penn, gives notice of his intention to apply for a hotel license to sell liquors, at the coming term of Court.

The Milford *News* sets the sum received for freight on peaches by the various railroad and steamboat companies at about $500,000 this year.

Sheriff Lambson advertises the portion of the Smyrna and Delaware Bay Railroad that lies in this county to be sold at auction on the 8th instant.

Wm. Bright, Esq., of Wilmington, is going to build a new hotel at Rehoboth, four stories high and with accommodation for several hundred guests.

Samuel Townsend wants all who sent peaches to Europe by the *Ohio* to meet in J. T. Budd's office this afternoon to hear R. T. Lockwood's report.

Philadelphia capitalists, it is said, have been prospecting at New Castle with a view to starting another manufactory there. Hope they will do it.

G. W. Cummins is not cutting down his peach trees. Not much. He is preparing to bolt up the split trees at an expense of some hundreds of dollars.

"Herman D. Patchen," a valuable trotting horse belonging to D. Lord, of Bridgeville, died last week. He was one of the fastest goers in the State.

The new P. E. Church at Newport being completed will be dedicated with appropriate religious services to the worship of God to-morrow, October 3rd.

The proprietor of the Wilmington *Gazette* announces his intention of putting in a new press at an early day, when, he promises, his paper shall be better printed.

Messrs. Eliason & Benson purpose keeping a first-class restaurant and eating saloon on the Fair Grounds near the Grand Stand during the exhibition next week.

Mark H. Davis, of Milford, has been appointed, by Collector Prettyman, Deputy Collector of United States Internal Revenue, *vice* Dr. Davidson, resigned.

Charles F. Wheilding, a young man about 30 years old from Brooklyn, committed suicide on the Brandywine, near Wilmington, one day last week. Cause, unknown.

A gentleman from Stanton drove into a wagon and demolished his carriage, while going into Wilmington last Sunday night, and had his pocket picked. Unlucky!

The Ladies' Department of the Fair, we understand, is rapidly filling up. A handsome display of useful, pretty and good things will be made, it is expected, in that quarter.

Reports from Smyrna and Leipsic state that the horse disease which prevailed in that section has greatly abated, since the horses are stabled instead of being allowed to run out at night.

A little boy was terribly mangled by being run over by the cars in Wilmington on Wednesday evening. He attempted to jump on them, while in motion, and fell under the wheels.

Noah Jacobs, a colored man of Milford, suddenly disappeared last Tuesday week, and on Sunday his body was found floating in the Mispillion river. Suspicions of foul play are entertained.

Ex-Chancellor Bates and family returned home from Europe, where they have been spending the past two or three years, last week. Judge Bates' health is said to be much improved.

The "Delaware House" stables, Smyrna, were broken into and robbed one night last week of some harness and oats. The harness belonged to Harry Carpenter, the tobacconist, of Philadelphia.

John Whitlock is still at large, with no immediate prospect of being arrested. In the meantime his "cursed rum hole" on Anderson street is still closed to the great gratification of the citizens.

A negro named Charles Johnson stole a pocket book from a lady at the Wilmington depot last Tuesday. He couldn't give $300 bail, and is boarding with Sheriff Lambson till Court meets.

Dr. McKown, of Smyrna, let a carrier pigeon out on Monday with a note attached to its foot. On Tuesday the note was returned by a Mr. Wetherly, of Philadelphia, to whom the bird belonged.

Visitors to the Fair should not fail to call at the stores of the various merchants, whose advertisements appear in the TRANSCRIPT; and examine their large stocks of fall and winter goods. To see will be to buy.

Some of the peach growers, in this vicinity, have tried the experiment this season of shipping "Smocks" by ordinary (slow) freight trains The cool weather of last week made the experiment successful.

The Northern Convocation of the P. E. Church, of Delaware, will hold a series of meetings in Wilmington next week, beginning on Tuesday. Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey is expected to be present.

The *Commercial* says Joseph Chandler, of Landenburg, has two pumpkins on the same vine, within two feet of each other, that weigh 55 and 58 pounds respectively. He ought to bring them to the Fair next week.

The Smyrna *Times* says "S. M. Reynolds, of Middletown, does the largest business of any merchant in the State, unless it be one or two in Wilmington." Yes, and he does more advertising than any other too. That's the secret of his success.

The raising of grapes is fast becoming one of the great interests of the Peninsula. Numbers of vineyards already exist, and more are being planted. A son of ex-Governor Ross, at Seaford, is said to be shipping several tons of grapes every day.

Fatal Accident.

A young man named Woodward was killed last week by the accidental discharge of his gun near Mill Creek Hundred, this county. He was standing with the muzzle of the gun resting against his side, just above the hip, when the weapon was accidently discharged, and the load passed through his body, killing him instantly.

"Prize" Peaches.

J. T. Shallcross, Esq., brought us a basket of splendid looking peaches a few days ago, to which he gave the above appellation. It is a new variety of fruit, of good size, yellow, very juicy and ripening between the Crawford's Late and the Smock, propagated by Mr. S. at his nurseries near Odessa. Mr. Shallcross looks upon the "Prize" as a valuable acquisition to the peach orchards.

Another Drowning Case.

Patrick Donegan, a citizen of Wilmington, left his home last Saturday for the purpose of getting shaved, but did not return, and nothing more was heard of him, until Thursday, when his body was found floating near the mouth of Christiana river. An inquest was held, but no light was thrown on the manner of his death. An examination of the body found no traces of violence.

Real Estate Transactions.

G. W. Ingram reports the following sales of real estate made by him: A farm of 335 acres near Kennedyville, Kent county, Md., to I. W. Vandegrift, of this county, for $7,000; the farm known as "Bombay Hook," 1,600 acres, to Richard G. Fogg, of Salem, N. J., for $30,000; a farm on Turkey Point, Cecil county, Md., to Wm. Fowler, of Wilmington, for $10,000.

A Would-be Suicide.

A young man in Wilmington tried to commit suicide last Sunday night because he was disappointed in love. The *Commercial* withholds his name, but says he was fearfully in earnest; so much so that he took an over dose of laudanum, and it failed of its results. He went to bed with it in him, hoping to never wake up, but he did, and a sicker youth is seldom heard of. He had to tell the doctor what ailed him.

School No. 94.

A short time ago we inadvertently stated that Miss Annie Maxwell was keeping a private school on North Broad street. This it appears was incorrect. The school taught by Miss Maxwell is the public school of District No. 94. There being no school house in that district, the Commissioners have rented the room formerly occupied by G. W. Ingram as a broker's office and employed Miss Maxwell as teacher.

Another Phase in the Kenney Case.

Notwithstanding the report of the investigating committee, by which Rev E. T. Kenney has been deposed from his pulpit, we are informed that the people of his neighborhood and congregation will not let him go. We are further informed that they have procured the use of an adjacent schoolhouse, in which he will hereafter preach regularly every Sunday. Never was the belief in his innocence by his friends and neighbors stronger than now.—*Wilmington Commercial.*

Fatality Amongst Hogs.

A hog disease appears to have broken out in the vicinity of Newport which is very fatal in its effects. Rufus Gregg has lost six out of ten and it is said Robert Lynam has lost all he had. Other farmers have lost one and two each, and large numbers are sick. When attacked the hog becomes stupid, and refuses to eat and dies in about two or three days after being attacked. Some of the farmers have given sulphur to their hogs, with apparently good results.—*Commercial.*

Fatal Accident.

On Saturday night last an accident occurred at Bowers' Chemical Works, Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, which caused the death of Mr. Mitchell Bowers and an another employee at the works. Mr. Bowers was a son of Wm. Bowers, deceased, late of this county, and formerly resided near Newark. He was a brother of Henry Bowers, the owner of the factory, and was employed to assist in attending to the works. He had opened one of the tanks to examine the acid in it, when he was suffocated by the escaping gas.

A Fine Stock of New Goods.

S. M. Reynolds has just received and has in store a very large and handsome stock of goods for the fall trade. His shelves are filled with the choicest selections of goods of every style and quality, so that he cannot fail to suit everyone—elegant cassimeres, beautiful dress goods and domestic prints and muslins in endless variety, and a stock of boots and shoes that is hard to excel, and the best of it all is he sells them at prices that all may reach. Read his full column advertisement on our second page, and then go see for yourselves. Our word for it, you will not regret it.

Attempted Burglary.

Some scoundrel broke into the dwelling house of Mr. B. F. Kanely on Thursday night, but, after ransacking all the rooms on the lower floor, he departed none the richer, except in a pair of boots. He appears to have gone about the business with a great deal of cool deliberation. He brought his own lamp with him, and having lighted it, he went into the pantry and helped himself to a bountiful supper from the contents thereof. He then searched diligently for the keys of Mr. K.'s desk which he evidently intended to lighten of whatever money or other valuables he might find therein. Unsuccessful in his search he finally left, after having exchanged his lamp for one of Mr. Kanely's, doubtless as a souvenir of his midnight visit.

Middletown and Vicinity Items.

BY OUR LOCAL REPORTER.

About 700 or 800 baskets of peaches have been taken from Messrs. Riker & Co's refrigerator rotten and thrown away. They were of the early varieties and of good size

The hotels are making great preparations for the accommodation of those strangers that will visit the Fair. We hope all will find a place for sleep, and not experience any trouble in so doing.

There is a little unpublished news about the Fair which I will give to the readers of the TRANSCRIPT. A reporters' stand will be erected on one side of the judges stand, and one for the band on the other.

I am informed that there exists in this State a society with the initials of L. S. S. of M. The meetings of this society are private, so we are left to conjecture their object. The last meeting was held at Milford last week.

As the shipment of peaches decrease, so does the number of extra employees on the Delaware R. R. The three extra operators at our depot have left, and the telegraph wires returned to the main office. It is supposed the small office will be removed to Wilmington.

A peach wagon containing the last shipment of Mr. Frank Penington, passed through town last Thursday, on which was perched a large beaver with a boy under it and at the sides were the following words in prominent size. "The last of the Mohickans," "The last run of shad," &c.

Middletown Academy should receive a larger amount of patronage, for Professor Stevens has shown himself to be a man of great knowledge, and at the same time instructive and entertaining. After peach season is over entirely, many boys will have an opportunity to attend the Academy, so we hope they will take advantage of it.

The Knights of Pythias will entertain visitors and others in Middletown next Wednesday and Thursday evening with Willard & Cressee's combination, who *can*, if they will, perform very well and offer such inducements as the public desire. We see that Mr. Rawnsley, an excellent performer on the guitar and banjo, will appear, and expose his talents. Of the others, I know nothing, except the daring performances of Willard & Cressee. Of course you will go, and be "one of them"

While viewing the Fair grounds last Sunday, we suddenly came upon a large turtle-back comb, such as are now in vogue with the females of this country. The owner can have it by applying to "Ned," on Main street. As we took up the comb in its crippled condition the words of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" came vividly before us:

"Lift it up tenderly,
Handle with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair."

On Thursday special police Wm. Heald, who has been in the employ of the Delaware R. R. Co., for the past two months, left town to resume his duties in Wilmington, those of a letter carrier. With his departure, our town loses its only guard against the wonted attacks of the drunken tramps, and it is a regret that Mr. Heald's stay is of so short a duration. He has been the natural fear of the tramp, and to him they readily succumbed when an arrest was to be made. Our citizens, through Mr. Alex. Comegys, made the officer the present of a purse of money as a token of their appreciation of his services, which was a surprise that afterward proved agreeable and acceptable.

The purse for a set of harness will be interesting to all, as home horses are to trot. A band has not yet been engaged. The Diamond State Cornet Band of this town fixed their price last Monday evening at $117.00, which sum the managers considered too excessive, and thereupon declined to give it. This compels them to choose between Ritchie's of Wil. and the Odessa Band. It will therefore be seen that the Association have no advantage in refusing our own excellent band, which subsequently agreed to play for the sum of $110. But we assure the public a band will be present, under all circumstances of dispute as to price.

On last Saturday night a tramp was put in the Hall cells and the leg-iron placed on him. During the night it is supposed his confederates battered down the door and drew the chain steeple from the floor and allowed the prisoner to escape, with the leg-iron attached to him. Nothing has been heard of the tramp or his booty up to the present, and it is a wonder how he got free enough from his bonds as to escape detection. On Sunday morning, his friends assembled themselves in a peach car near the depot, and after emptying two or three bottles of "straight" whiskey, commenced a fearful noise, which was only quelled by locking them in the car. The crowd afterward became engaged in a fight in the road leading to Warwick, and attracted the attention of those living near, by their boisterous oaths. Shall Middletown lose the small amount of respect she has inherited by allowing such disgraceful scenes to occur within its limits?

Charles Fisher.

Says the Milford *News:* The arrest of Charles G. Fisher, son of George P. Fisher, for felonious crime committed at Washington brings a good deal of sorrow to the friends of the family in this town and vicinity. The organic lack of all moral consciousness on the part of Charles is well known here, and his bad deed creates no suaprise; but the warmest sympathies of this community go out towards his mother who is a native of this town, and one of the purest and most excellent of women. With this wayward son she has labored day and night, both by the best example that a mother could set before a son, and the most persistent effort to inculcate the highest moral and christian precepts; as well as by prayers and tears, to lead him to a higher moral life, but without avail. There appears to be a defect in his organization, in consequence of which he does not clearly realize the enormous difference that exists between right and wrong doing.

Laurel Agricultural Fair.

Old Sussex seems to be waking up in the matter of agriculture, and her farmers and artisans are determined to prove to their brothers of New Castle and Kent counties, that they are not to be excelled in their labors. If we may judge from the extensive preparations now being made by the management of the Laurel Peninsula Agricultural and Mechanical Society, for their second annual fair, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Octo-27th, 28th and 29th, this fair will surpass that of last year, and hope all our people will endeavor to encourage the Society by contributing something for exhibition. The preparation for this fair will be the best the Society can do, and liberal premiums will be offered, amply sufficient, it is thought, to bring out on exhibition the finest productions and best stock of this Peninsula. Fine stabling, exhibition halls, &c., have been fitted up and an excellent opportunity will be given for each and every one to exhibit or display his or their invention, manufactures, &c.—*Citizen.*

Sussex County Fairs.

"The absence of fairs in the lower counties of this State shows a lack of enterprise upon the part of the people who form their populations that should be rectified."

This is the beginning of a short article on the subject of county fairs that appeared in the *Morning Herald*, of Wilmington, of Thursday. Can it be possible that the worthy editors of that spicy paper have never heard of the Agricultural Fairs soon to take place at Bridgeville and Laurel both in Sussex county? Even should they not have heard of the Bridgeville Fair, as this is but its first year, yetthey or some *one* of them, might have heard of the very successful fair which was held at Laurel last year, and which the good people of that community propose to repeat this year on a much more extensive scale. Judging from the preparations that are being made the second annual exhibition of the Laurel Peninsula Agricultural and Mechanical Society bids fair to rival if not surpass that of the Peninsula Agricultural Association, of this county.

Colored Bush Meeting.

QUEER PROCEEDINGS AT HARE'S CORNER.

A colored bush meeting was held in McCrone's woods, near Hare's Corner, Friday afternoon. It was attended by about 200 persons. Some of the proceedings of the brethren who took part were unique and interesting, notwithstanding they were wholly unintelligible to the uninitiated. In the midst of the religious exercises the man in charge formed into line twelve men, who claimed to be representatives of the "twelve tribes of Israel." Then they marched off, followed the concourse, and halted at a spring close by. This they termed the river of Jordan and here the chosen twelve each armed himself with a stone and marched back to the place of starting. The stones were then deposited in a hole in the ground and covered with earth, after which the relgious exercises proper commenced.

What all this meant we do not know, nor did half of those present understand it.

"What significance has all this," asked a visitor of a colored man who had a rock in his hand.

"I dunno," he said thoughtfully, "but if eny one'll say the word, so help me God, I'll strike one of 'em mokes back of de neck with dis stone."

He had, doubtless, been angered at witnessing what most people considered a senseless formula, and wanted to vent his anger by the physical and dangerous demonstration he proposed.—*Every Evening.*

Maryland Affairs.

THE FRANKFORD AND BREAKWATER EXTENSION.—It is now a settled fact, says the Snow Hill *Messenger*, that the Frankford and Breakwater and its continuation, the Worcester and Somerset Railroad, will be extended to some point on the seaside, opposite Chincoteague, which has not yet been determined upon. The extension is already built to Girdle Tree hill, in Worcester county, and it is expected that the cars will be running to Slockton, below Snow Hill, in the next ten days. Another locomotive has been placed on the road.

Last Saturday evening two men named Minker and Pierce attended a temperance meeting near North East, Cecil county, and afterwards went to that village, where they became engaged in a quarrel over a bottle of whiskey. A fight ensued, during which Pierce stabbed Minker in the left breast, the wound extending upwards to the shoulder, and narrowly missing the heart. The wound is of a very serious character, and fears are entertained that Minker cannot recover.

POWDER EXPLOSION.—During the summer Mrs. A. Lowery, of Kent Island, Queen Anne's county, placed a package of powder in a stove for safe keeping. When the cold snap came on a few days ago it became necessary to kindle a fire. The stove was badly shattered, the house badly jarred and about forty panes of glass broken, though no person was hurt.

DEATH FROM LOCKJAW.—Mr. Charles A. A. Stanley, a justice of the peace in Chestertown, died of lockjaw last week, after an illness of three days the disease was superinduced by the mashing of a finger a week or so previously. He suffered greatly, his convulsions being extremely excruciating.

A coon fight, on the court house green at Easton, last week, was a huge thing for the citizens. After keeping three dogs at bay for a long time the coon was taken up and is being put in condition for another skirmish. All the peace officers, lawyers and loungers turned out to see the "fun."

The grand jury of Cecil county for the fall term adjourned after finding two indictments for arson, two for selling liquor to minors, one for resisting an officer in discharge of his duty, and one against a constable for refusing to serve process when directed to him.

The Worcester county Messenger says that the Old Dominion Railroad Company will extend their road from Stockton to some point on the seaside opposite Chincoteague Island, the point not yet being determined upon.

CATTLE DISEASE IN CECIL.—A disease something similar to the Texas fever has broken out among the cattle in Cecil county, from which several have died. Some of the farmers have resoled not to buy any more cattle until cold weather.

Mr. Charles H. Stewart, of Easton, whilst carelessly fooling with his breech-loading gun the other day discharged a cartridge. His wife was wounded in the back and two or three of his fingers were pretty badly riddled.

SHOT OFF HIS HAND.—Nathan A. Colmary, of Chesapeake City, while gunning for squirrels, on Tuesday of last week, accidentally shot his left hand off, or so nearly so that it was amputated above the wrist.

The quantity of lumber used in the manufacture of peach boxes this year in Salisbury, Wicomico county, will reach very nearly two million feet.

Mrs. Susan Dawson's farm, containing one hundred and twenty-two acres, situated three miles from Easton, has been sold to H. Hanna, of New York, for $10,000.

The dwelling of Mrs. W. B. Martin, in Trappe district of Talbot county, was destroyed by fire last Sunday. Loss $5,000; insurance $3,000.

Hon. James T. Earle, of Queen Anne's co., expects to make about 3000 gallons of peach brandy this season.

The town of Easton is now entirely out of debt, for the first time since 1855.

Diptheria is prevailing to a fatal extent in and near Newtown, Worcester county.

If you want pills, take Ayer's Pill. Nothing has ever appeared that can compare with this preparation for chasing out the distempers that fasten and grow upon us. They are the Philosopher's elixir of life, which blds defiance to disease, and leaves us no alternative but to die of old age. They are mild for children, yet, in a full dose, powerful for a full grown man. Though sweet morsels to the taste, which glide sugar-shod over the palate, thefr virtues strike with telling force on the very foundations of disease.—*Cincinnati (O.) Citizn.*

Is your Life Worth 10 Cents?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now we say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, &c., can take *Green's August Flower* without getting relief If you doubt this go to your Druggist, Dr. Chamberlain, Middletown, Del., or H. P. Baker, Odessa, Del. and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cts.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY COX & JONES.

Wheat, new	$1.25@ 1.30
Corn, yellow,	68 cts.
Corn, White,	68 cts.
Oats	40@42
Timothy Seed	4 25
Clover "	5 75@6.00
Beans	75@90

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS.

Eggs	25 cts. ₰ doz.
Butter	25@30cts. ₰ lb
Lard	17@18 " "
Potatoes, new	1.00 ₰ bus.
Spring Chickens,	14@16 cts. ₰ lb.
Turkeys, dressed	16@18 "
Geese, "	7@8 "
Ducks. "	14@15 "

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Prime red wheat	$1.25@1.35 ₰ bus.
Corn, yellow, old	71@72 ₰ bus.
Oats (Pennsylvania) new	45@50 cts.
Clover seed	12½@14 ₰ lb.
Timothy	3.25

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

Wheat, good to amber	1.40@$1 50
Corn, white	75@79
Corn, yellow	73@73
Oats, Southern	40@50 cts.
Rye	70@95

Business Locals.

1,500 yards Hamburg Edgings, at W. H. MOORE & CO.'S, very cheap.

If you want a pair of good Shop-Made Boots, go to W. H. MOORE & CO.'S. Every pair warranted.

A very handsome line of Shawls, at W. H. MOORE & CO.'S.

NOTICE TO TAXABLES.

The town tax and the school tax for district No. 94, are now some months overdue, and persons liable to tax are requested to settle without further delay.

Sept. 19th. JOSEPH HANSON.

The best yard wide 12½ cents Bleached Muslin, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

An entirely new and fine assortment of Toilet and Fancy articles at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE (Barr's old stand.)

Mason's Porcelain-Lined and Gem Fruit Jars in pints, quarts and half gallons, and Tin Cement. Cans by the gross or dozen. Porcelain-Lined Kettles, from 6 to 16 quarts, selling lower than ever. S. M. REYNOLDS.

A nice stock of French and English perfumery—Jasmine, Heliotrope, White Rose, Jockey Club, &c., at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE.

ROBELEN & BRO., of Wilmington, are selling Estey Organs at very liberal discounts. Also, some beautiful Organs of other makers at very low prices. Send for price lists.

MANIFESTS, for the shipment of peaches and other fruit, printed promptly and neatly at the TRANSCRIPT office.

Chamois skins for cleaning windows and carriages 20, 25, 30, and 40 cents at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE.

An elegant Two-Button Kid Glove for 90 cents cash, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

All sizes window glass at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE (Barr's old stand.)

Granulated Sugar 12 cents; A 11 cts, and B 10 cts, CASH, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

BILL HEADS, Shipping Tags, &c., can be had at the TRANSCRIPT office, at very low rates.

No. 1, 2, and 3 Mackerel in barrels, half barrels, and quarters; New Split Labrador Herring in barrels and half barrels, just received and for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

Beautiful 7⅓ octave PIANOS, Rosewood case with all improvements, for $240, warranted for five years, at ROBELEN & BRO'S, 710 Market Street, Wilmington, Del.

A choice Bio Coffee, green, 25 cents, roasted 30 cents, CASH, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

You can buy Organs for $40, $50, $75, $100 and beautiful Organs with 7 stops, for $110, at ROBELEN & BRO'S, 710 Market St., Wilmington, Del.

Job lot Ladies' Two-Button and Gauntlet Lisle Gloves, 12½ and 25 cents—worth 50 cts. S. M. REYNOLDS.

Ladies in need of a nice Silk Dress, call at S. M. REYNOLDS' and look at those Guinet Black Silks at $1.50 and $1.75 per yard, just received direct from the importers.

Ladies call at S. M. REYNOLDS' and look at the new assortment of Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, in all widths and prices from 10 cents and upwards.

ENVELOPES of all sizes, and letter heads with business cards, furnished, very cheap at the TRANSCRIPT office.

Clark's best Spool Cotton, 6 cents per Spool or 70 cents per dozen *Cash*, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Ladies and Gents newest style Windsor Ties and Scarfs in all shades and widths from 20 cents to $1.00, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

A full line of heavy Merino Underwear for Ladies and Gentlemen, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

The best 12½ cent Hose in the market, for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

1000 yards of the best Calicoes, selling off at 8 and 9 cents, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses, Choice Sugar Loaf Drips and Sugar House Syrups, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

A good Black Tea for 50 cents, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Rumford's Yeast Powder the best in the market, for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Special Notices.

IT IS USELESS to attempt to cleanse a stream while the fountain is impure. Dyspepsia, complaints of the liver and kidneys, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, headaches, and all diseases arising from impure blood, are at once removed by Dr. Walker's CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, the great and infallible purifier of the blood, and renovator of the system. It has never been known to fail, provided the patien had not delayed using it until the vitality of his system was too far gone.

All who want a good SEWING MACHINE and having the CASH to pay for it, will have inducements offered them at the Great Sewing Machine Depot of A. T. STOOPS, N. E. Cor. Fourth and Arch St., Phila., they can get at no other Sewing Machine place in this city. All kinds of needles, oil, silk, cotton, linen thread, &c., low for cash.

Old Machines taken in exchange, and parties allowed liberally for them.

ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL

Will open on MONDAY, OCTOBER 4th, on Lake Street, Middletown, one door west of Broad. WILLIAM C. BUTLER.

Sep 25—2t.

Job Printing.

PRINTING!

We respectfully call the attention of our friends, and the public generally, to the new and

INCREASED FACILITIES

OF THE

TRANSCRIPT OFFICE

FOR PRINTING.

Having recently erected a new and commodious office and added a large amount of

NEW TYPE, PRESSES,

And other material to our stock, we are fully prepared to do

Every Variety of Printing,

AT SHORT NOTICE,

AND ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS

OUR NEW CAMPBELL

POWER PRESS

Enables us to print

POSTERS, SALE BILLS,

&c., any size from the largest to the smallest, in any color, or

VARIETY OF COLORS,

AND OF ANY NUMBER,

AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS,
BILL HEADS, PROGRAMMES,
LETTER HEADS, CARDS,
CHEQUES, LABELS,
NOTES TAGS, &c.,

Are done in such style and at such prices as

Guarantee Satisfaction.

WITH OUR

JOB PRESSES

We can do every kind of small work with the greatest promptness, and at as

LOW PRICES

As can be done at any other office on the Peninsula.

Try Us and You Will Not Complain.

OLD BANK NO. 2,

Middletown Hall Buildings,

FIRST DOOR EAST OF THE POST OFFICE

I have the pleasure to inform my patrons and friends that I have taken the store formerly occupied by E. M. Hanson, and fitted it up as a

CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM SALOON,

I intend to keep

A FIRST-CLASS PLACE.

If you want a big plate of Ice Cream for 10 cents, go to Rice's.

If you want the finest Confectionery, go to Rice's.

If you want Foreign and Domestic Fruits, go to Rice's.

If you want Cakes, plain or fancy, go to Rice's.

If you want Crackers, go to Rice's.

If you want Ice Cream for Parties, Pic-Nics, Church Festivals, etc., go to Rice's.

If you want Toys for the children, go to Rice's.

If you want Children's Coaches, go to Rice's.

Boys and young gentlemen, if you want Base Balls and Bats, go to Rice's.

If you want the finest Cigars, go to Rice's.

If you want Wedding Cake, go to Rice's.

If you want a good glass of Soda Water, go to Rice's.

If you want Ice for your family, you can have it delivered at your door by Rice.

All of the above, and many things not herein mentioned, I will sell as cheap as they can be bought anywhere in the world.

E. B. RICE.

May 1—ly.

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY.

This Academy will be

OPENED ON MONDAY, 6th inst.

Rates of Tuition:

	Primary.	Intermediate.	Academic
1st Term—16 weeks,	$10 00	$14 00	$20 00
2d & 3d Terms, 12 weeks each,	8 00	10 00	14 00

Payment at commencement and middle of each term, invariably in advance.

The punctual attendance of those intending to patronize the Academy is earnestly solicited. T. SUMNER STEVENS, Principal.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A light family CARRIAGE, in good condition, for sale. Can be seen at SAMUEL B. GINN'S,

Aug 14—tf Middletown.

$1,200 PROFIT on $100

Invested in Stock Privileges in Wall St. Books and Circulars telling, 'How 'tis done,' sent free. Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall St., New York. Sep 18—4w

HOUSE FOR RENT.

ST. ANNE'S RECTORY. Possession 1st October. Apply to GEO. W. INGRAM.

Sep 11—tf.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

228 **E. MOORE,** 228

MANUFACTURER OF

FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING,

For Men and Boys.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

ON HAND, MADE UP IN THE LATEST STYLE AND BEST MANNER. ALSO, A GREAT VARIETY OF

PIECE GOODS, FOR ORDER WORK.

Apr 22—ly 228 MARKET ST. Wilmington, Del.

THE DELAWARE

GRAIN AND PHOSPHATE

DRILL,

Manufactured at the

Delaware Agricultural Implement Factory

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Is now offered to Farmers with the full assurance that it will give entire satisfaction, having been thoroughly tested and perfected during the past three years.

IT IS DURABLE AND SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION.

Any boy can adjust it properly.

IT IS THE LIGHTEST DRAFT DRILL IN USE.

It is acknowledged

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

As a Phosphate Distributor,

Sowing with accuracy Phosphates which other Drills cannot possibly sow

IT IS A HOME DRI L,

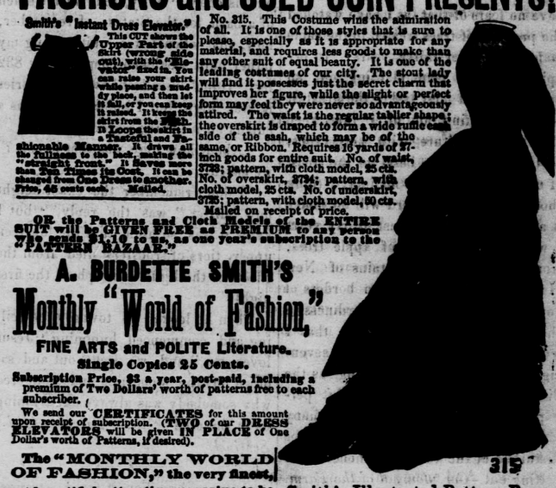
Any of its parts can be furnished upon the shortest notice.

We refer to the following gentlemen, who have tested it and pronounce it the best and cheapest drill to the farmer they have ever used or seen in use:

Gov. John P. Cochran, H. A. Nowland and Amos Lynch, of MIDDLETOWN; S. F. Shallcross, Daniel Corbit, J. K. Williams and William Vandyke, of ODESSA; Anthony M. Higgins of ST. GEORGES; Thomas F. Dilworth of PORT PENN, Delaware, and all other persons who have used it.

D. WOODALL & CO., Manufacturers.

FASHIONS and GOLD COIN PRESENTS!



Smith's "Instant Dress Elevator." This CUT shows the Upper Part of the Skirt (wrong side out), with the "Elevator" fastened in, so you can raise your skirt while passing a muddy place, and then let it fall, or you can keep it raised. It keeps the skirt from the Mud. Except the straps in a Tasteful and Fashionable Manner. It draws all the fullness to the back, making the "straight front." It never wears out. Simple. It can be changed from One Dress to another. Price, 65 cents each. Mailed.

No. 315. This Costume wins the admiration of all. It is one of those styles that is sure to please, especially as it is appropriate for any material, and requires less goods to make than any other suit of equal beauty. It is one of the leading costumes of our city. The stout lady will find it possesses just the secret charm that improves her figure, while the slight or perfect form may feel they were never so advantageously attired. The waist is the regular tabbler shape; the overskirt is draped to form a wide ruffle each side of the sash, which may be of the same, or Ribbon. Requires 16 yards of 27-inch goods for entire suit. No. of waist, 3738; pattern, with cloth model, 25 cts. No. of overskirt, 3734; pattern, with cloth model, 25 cts. No. of underskirt, 3725; pattern, with cloth model, 20 cts. Mailed on receipt of price.

OF the Patterns and Cloth Models of the ENTIRE SUIT will be GIVEN FREE as PREMIUM to any person who sends $1.10 to us, as one year's subscription to the "PATTERN BAZAAR."

A. BURDETTE SMITH'S

Monthly "World of Fashion,"

FINE ARTS and POLITE Literature.

Single Copies 25 Cents.

Subscription Price, $3 a year, post-paid, including a premium of Two Dollars' worth of patterns free to each subscriber.

We send our CERTIFICATES for this amount upon receipt of subscription. (TWO of our DRESS ELEVATORS will be given IN PLACE of One Dollar's worth of Patterns, if desired).

The "MONTHLY WORLD OF FASHION," the very finest, most beautiful, attractive magazine to be found in this country, and every person who begins with taking it, will NEVER discontinue it while it is published.

Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar

Sample Copy, 25 Cents. Subscription Price, $1.10 a year, post-paid. One Dollar's worth of Patterns given to each subscriber free as premium.

$4,500.00 in Gold Coin to Give Away!

We will give $2,000.00 in GOLD COIN to 65 persons who send us the largest number of subscribers to our "WORLD OF FASHION," at $3 each, before March 1, 1867.

As follows: To the Getter-up of the

Largest Club	$300.00 in Gold Coin.
2d Largest Club	200.00 in Gold Coin.
3d Largest Club	150.00 in Gold Coin.
4th Largest Club	130.00 in Gold Coin.
5th Largest Club	120.00 in Gold Coin.
6th Largest Club	110.00 in Gold Coin.
7th Largest Club	100.00 in Gold Coin.
8th Largest Club	75.00 in Gold Coin.
9th Largest Club	50.00 in Gold Coin.
10th Largest Club	35.00 in Gold Coin.
11th Largest Club	25.00 in Gold Coin.

and so on to the 65th Largest Club.

We will give $2,500.00 in GOLD COIN to 133 persons who send us the largest number of subscribers to our "BAZAAR," at $1.10 each, before March 1, 1876.

As follows: To the Getter-up of the

Largest Club	$300.00 in Gold Coin.
2d Largest Club	200.00 in Gold Coin.
3d Largest Club	150.00 in Gold Coin.
4th Largest Club	125.00 in Gold Coin.
5th Largest Club	100.00 in Gold Coin.
6th Largest Club	75.00 in Gold Coin.
7th Largest Club	50.00 in Gold Coin.
8th Largest Club	25.00 in Gold Coin.
9th Larg